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**09/02/12(Sun)05:49 No.10873854**

Ask a guy who's lived in 3 consecutive haunted houses anything.

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**No.10873878**

dump some of your worst NOPE stories fool.

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**No.10873914**

>>10873878

This was back at my parents' home, my first haunted resident. It was a lazy summer night/morning, being unemployed and staying up until 3pm and going to bed.

I wake up in the middle of the night in the basement in pitch dark. I stand up and take one step towards the light switch but a very powerful force pushes me back onto the futon bed. I don't have a brave bone in my body to open my eyes and seconds later

I feel this spirit seeping into my body and all of sudden I start to cry in sadness, and pass out shortly after.

Nothing happened to me for a while, for about 2 weeks. I was home alone and I saw a black ectoplasm (I learned this term that day) hovering around the ceiling of the basement while I was on the laptop. I tried to shake it off and went upstairs to the kitchen to grab a drink and it had followed me there.

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**No.10874850**

>>10873854

maybe its not the house that's haunted

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**No.10874853**

The houses aren't haunted.

You're just schizophrenic.

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## **No.10875189**

>>10874850

The second haunted house that I lived in - my roommates told me their encounters with ghosts and that people who had lived there prior to us had moved out because of ghosts. The third haunted house, I noticed that my room was 'blessed' with crosses on the door and later found reminiscence of blood splatters on the wall. It's not 'following' me per se, but I do get the feeling I was destined to live in those places.

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## **No.10875194**

>>10874853

This is a very fair accusation, but the last house that I lived in, I had a live-in girlfriend at the time who has experienced the same things that I did and plus quite a bit more.

The last haunted home that I lived in was a unique experience, because I had a girlfriend at the time who lived with me to

experience the same things that I was. I also moved around 2 times within the same house - it was a duplex and each time a better unit opened to I opted to move, and it had followed us.

The first day that I moved in, I noticed these crosses on both sides of the door. It definitely looked like someone had finger-drawn them on with ink. I tried to see if it would come off but not a speckle would be removed. Fast forward a year later with uneventful paranormal activities other than a very creepy feeling I got of being watched every time I was in the hallway doing the dishes (we had a shared sink). I would often do them in a hurry and run back into my room, then calmed down very quickly as soon as I entered.

I start seeing this girl and things really took off, she was over at my house quite often. One of the very first things that she told me once we opened up to each other/started trusting each other on another level was that she noticed reminiscence of blood splatters on my wall. I would have never been able to tell but she had worked in a hospital before and it was her job to clean up after surgeries, so she had developed a keen eye for it.

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**No.10875312**

It got to the point where it no longer made sense for her to be paying rent at her place as she was over at my home so often. A small bachelor unit opened up on the other side of the house (no more shared sink or bathroom), and we decided to move in there

together.

It was a very small room. I went to school and she worked. Whenever we were home, we weren't equipped with adequate space to have our alone times and started fighting. It was then, we started experiencing some rather bizarre and creepy events.

One night we had a pretty bad argument. I went to school and she had an off-day. I left her without saying anything in the morning. When I came back home after class she was still in bed. She told me she heard a voice, a female voice to be more precise, call out her name after I had gone to class and when she had waken up.

I think she had accepted the possibility of living in a haunted house at this point and as a non-verbal and mutual agreement of acceptance in haunted spirits there, things started to escalate.

We would hear noise in the bathroom, like a cat is playing around in the tub, or like a shampoo bottle fell down from the edge and slid. I would check it out, and nothing would be there.

While trying to fall asleep we would both see white and black orbs chasing each other on the ceiling. It's gotten to the point where I would ask - "Do you see that?" and she would somewhat nonchalantly go "Yup".

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## **No.10875385**

One night we decided to take a break and make pot cookies. We both got really high and passed out with the lights and TV on. The really weird thing is - we both opened our eyes to catch a shadow person. I'm 5'11 and if I had to guess it was about 6'2. What's even weirder is we woke up, saw the shadow person, told each other about it then both passed out almost immediately after.

Fast forward a few weeks, she told me that she had a weird dream. Apparently in the dream she was looking outside the window and saw my doppelganger walking out of the house, she looked back to realize that I was in bed.

Only a couple of days later had gone by. I had taken a nap was by awaken by her as she came home. As I opened my eyes in a blurry vision I saw 2 of her. I screamed "Woah!!" and apparently looked petrified. I doubted myself for a second, tried to convince myself that it was a sleep-induced blurry vision, but as I recall clearly her and her doppelganger were in very different positions - the real her facing me and the other her facing the wall slightly crouched.

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## **No.10875549**

She then told me she started having these recurring nightmares. She would wake up with the dreaded look on her face and tell me dreams about a demon or some sort chasing her while she had to protect herself and a few children that were with her. I don't know who the children are, nor did she describe what they looked like in much detail.

There is one thing I haven't told her or anybody for that matter. One time we were having a small argument in bed, and something clearly touched my anus. It felt like a finger on, not in, that area. I know this sounds ridiculous and that is probably why I haven't told anyone before. I had a person who passed out from my school program (from suicide) a couple of days prior to, I have always wondered if it was him but I had never spoken more than a few words to him before so I'm not sure why he would choose to communicate with me.

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**No.10875560**

Regardless, by this time we were both immune to the presence of whatever it was. We would see these flies, size of regular houseflies but they weren't there. It was a bit translucent but it was dark enough to see it very easily. We would see this for about a week straight, at one point I would trace my finger on where it was on the wall and tried to touch it, but wasn't able to and she just chuckled.

Another room upstairs then opened up. This one was bigger so

we definitely wanted to jump on the chance.

It was during my exams so I just moved the heavy things and she offered to take care of the smaller stuff. I was studying in the new room and she came upstairs and asked me to come up with her because she was getting freaked out. I opened the door and was met with an undeniable presence of evil. To this day I remember that chill. It was something angry and that anger was towards us. She had moved everything except for a few items in the bathroom, and as I went to turn on the light switch it did not turn on. I asked her if it was already broken and she said no. I helped her to grab the remaining stuff from the bathroom, closed the door and never set my foot in that room again.

As we were getting organized later that night I saw something in the corner of my eye. It was a figure, if I had to choose it was peach and black in colour, but mostly peach. It walked into the room from where the door was. I only saw it for about a second and I knew what was happening. I never told her about this.

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**No.10875563**

Despite the last thing I saw, nothing really ever happened. A few days later I moved in my usually very shy and docile cat freaked out as I was trying to go to sleep and hissed very loudly while staring at the ceiling, but I couldn't see anything.

The only other remaining thing on this house is - there was a walk-in closet in the new unit. Although I never witnessed anything, I always just felt uncomfortable when its lights were off. I found myself subconsciously leaving the light in the closet on 24/7. It was like I was programmed to do so, and on a few occasions I turned the light off only to start to feel really uncomfortable so I had to turn it back on minutes later. Other people would comment on this, friends that I would only see a few times a year, that I had left the light on to which I responded in a jesting manner "Yeah, a ghost lives in there". Although I said it light-heartedly, I believed there was truth to it.

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**No.10875785**

Alright, I guess there is a small mingling here.

I will start back up again with a story that happened at the new upstairs room, but it's mostly regarding a friend, and something that did happen to me, I believe was an external force from the house.

A friend of mine went to go explore at this somewhat local haunting site (those of you who are curious; google - kirby road) with a few of his friends. I can only tell you what he's told me, but as far as I know they had a camcorder to get everything on tape.

Apparently as soon as they entered the premise the camcorder froze on them. The battery was taken out and restarted, it froze on them again. Apparently there is a photo that his friend took with his cellphone, which at first I urged to see then later retreated for reasons to be cited, that shows a picture of fog that shapes an angry face of a little girl. He swears there was no fog that night.

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## **No.10875862**

The next day I was in the bathroom urinating and my plaque art on the wall, Dali's Swans looking like elephants, fell to the floor (I just took a picture of it, it's currently on my bedroom wall). This was strange as it was being held up with push pins on a near 45 degree angle facing up.

The day after we were met up and the first thing I said was "The craziest thing happened to me, I gotta tell you" in which point he interrupts me and tells me that while he was watching TV yesterday with his girlfriend the picture frame of him and his girlfriend fell forward. He didn't even need to explain as I knew which one he was referring to but he did anyway - the picture frame in question has a back-support in which it relies on, so falling forward without a force would be impossible.

It was then we agreed that he wouldn't get the ghost picture from his buddy as it would only do more harm, and we also agreed to stop talking about altogether.

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## **No.10875905**

I will also tell you a story regarding my parents' home. This was before I got pushed down in the basement and also one of the first paranormal experiences in my life.

The very first was a sleep paralysis. This in actuality could just be a figment of my imagination (as scientists purport). I opened my eyes and I couldn't move. I heard static, like from an undefined tv channel and I saw black veins growing on my wall spread all over. This lasted for about 2-3 minutes.

About a year later I had perhaps the most sequential experience as things happened to me 3 days in a row. I was watching tv in the living room and decided to pass out. I turn off the tv and turn off the lamp and stare at the ceiling and I see this glowing object hanging from the ceiling. It was like a weakly glow-in-the-dark 'colour', about 2 feet wide and tall, and shaped like a spider shriveled up resting. I turn on the lamp beside me and it immediately disappeared.

I closed my eyes and very vividly I saw a shadow of man in a cowboy hat and cape, and behind him was a wall of flames. This was my first experience with the 'hatman'

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## **No.10875936**

The next day I woke up in a daze and sat on the couch in my family room. From the location you could see the lower half of somebody walking around the upstairs hallway.

I started having conversation with my mom, and saw someone walking around upstairs. In a typical fashion, a long white dress or skirt it seemed like. Although I have never seen my mom dressed like this I didn't think much of it. I went into the kitchen to grab food and my mom was talking to me from the kitchen the whole time. I then realized, that what I saw was a ghost.

The next day I was home alone. I was in my room on the laptop and I started hearing banging from inside the wall from where the stairs are. It got to loud I had to go investigate. Surprisingly I was not scared, but rather very irritated. I went out to the hallway and the knocking only grew louder. I started yelling something like "What do you want?" and it spoke back to me in which it almost sounded like Hebrew or something (Later I pressed my parents on the history of the house and all they told me was "Germans built it"). I guess it could've been Yiddish. Anyhow, I obviously did not understand what was said so I yelled back "What?" to which, whatever it was, repeated the exact same line louder. Due to language barrier and utter frustration I continued to yell "What?" to which again it responded, with the exact same sentence but slightly louder. This went on about 7 times until it stopped.

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## **No.10875975**

Now only a few stories regarding my parent's home remain, of which all happened after I had moved out and was visiting them during the holidays.

Coming back to the house brought back memories, and that day in particular I was intensely curious about the hatman - as I realized that I was not the only person who has witnessed this figure.

I started doing my research for about 2 hours on the internet, then decided to take a nap. I was not asleep for long, but in mid-sleep I heard a man's voice, as if it was coming from only a few feet away from me in a clear and condescending manner - say "Hold on". Immediately my body went into a convulsion. I could not control any part of body as nearly every muscle group of my body was having a spasm. This lasted for about 10-15 seconds and then I woke up.

I have a convincing feeling that it was the hatman who spoke to me. From the two words I did hear, the voice was not a raspy evil one that one would assume from a 'demon', but rather a clever and playfully condescending one.

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## **No.10876017**

The very last things that occurred at my parents house were rather miniscule.

I was sleeping in my old room over the Christmas break and I was awoken by the rustling of a plastic bag on my desk. I had put it there to bring some stuff over and it was now empty. There was obviously a very formidable force 'playing' with the plastic bag as it was very loud, similar to the noise level that a child (safety hazard) could make while violently playing with one. It wasn't my cat as he was at the end of the bed.

The only other thing that happened here was items were being misplaced - cash would be moved from one place to another, in a manner it would take an actual effort to move and my watch would be found upside down which I never do in concern of scratching the screen.

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## **No.10876043**

I almost forgot one very minor occurrence.

Last time I was there I also saw orbs that were sky blue to cyan in colour. I have looked into it and it doesn't mean to be of sinister nature, at least according to this one source.

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